

THE ANGRY WORD.

Wesley and heartless from work and pain. Was it any wonder the hard word came? With children's clamor and heavy care, It seemed that mine was the "lion's share." And John, with a look that told he heard, Went on to his work with a calm absurd.

Wesley and heartless all of the day, The heavy hours went slowly away. The night came down, but no John returned, To where the heartless fire sulkily burned; I gave the children their supper and bed, And crunched by the coals with an aching head.

O was it a dream that I seemed to be John— So weary and painfully hammering on, Seemed to be laboring over my strength, Till the long, long day was over at length, With cruel words and a taunting sneer Flung often at him by the overseer?

O was it a dream that, the day now o'er, They doubted his task and abused him more, That the patient mind had but one refrain, "I hear, for my home and the living to gain," But the word I had spoken held its smart, And was like a fire in the patient heart.

A step on the stairs! O John has returned. The sulky fire now more brightly has burned. A leap in my heart moves me on to the door, I sob in the arms of my darling once more; O never again by a word or a sign Will I claim that his burden is lighter than mine.

—Detroit Free Press.

A QUADRUPEL COMPACT

Why a South-Side Residence Will Soon Be for Rent.

There was considerable excitement of a quiet kind in the neighborhood and not a little cause for it, either. The roomy house in the middle of the block, that had stood empty for several uneventful months, had been rented. At least the elderly lady who lived on the corner and officiated as a perambulating repository of all the news of the locality confided to the insurance man's wife, a little lower down, that a tall young man with lavender trousers and eye-glasses had entered the empty house the previous afternoon and pulled the "For Rent" card down out of the window.

Moreover, he had driven up in quite a natty car and had worn light kid gloves with broad black stitching on the backs. In addition to the lavender trousers and eye-glasses, a circumstance that indicated the new tenant, whoever he was, to be a person of perfect respectability. If there was mild excitement when the news went about that the house was rented, it ceased to be mild when it became known who was to live in it, although it must be confessed that the excitement was confined principally to the young ladies residing in the vicinity. The newcomers were nothing less than four spruce, dapper young men—"four beautiful dukes," as the red-haired girl called them, who never appeared in public without her tennis racket and terrier pup, expressed it. It gradually became known that the four young men were guileless of blood relationship to one another. They were simply friends, all engaged in business down-town, all sick of the nameless horrors of modern boarding-house life, and all enraptured with the prospect of the stunner at housekeeping they were about to make.

And it may be said at the outset that a likelier-looking quartette of young men, as young men go nowadays, would have been hard to discover on the South Side. They differed somewhat in appearance, of course, but each, in addition to the neat and becoming clothes he wore, bore in some measure the stamp of refinement and intelligence. They were the kind of young men who look out of place at a snide variety show or a cock-fight.

The neighborhood was curious, the marriageable female element (as before intimated) especially so, to know more of the latest arrivals than could be gained by mere casual observation; and if the neighborhood could not have been made aware of the peculiar, not to say unique, compact that bound the quartette together, this curiosity would have been infinitely enhanced.

The surnames of the newcomers do not matter; Tom, Dick, Harry and Jack will serve to distinguish them. Their compact was simply this: Each of the four was pledged to each of the others to marry or elope with inclination to do so until the term had expired. The expenses of housekeeping were to be shared equally. Each one was to take his turn for a week at doing the family marketing, pay the bills and so on; while an antiquated colored lady had been engaged at a liberal wage to preside over the kitchen. The terms of the agreement were ironclad. No member of the quartette was to be permitted to stick the other three if the latter could help it.

The arrangement, moreover, seemed to work swimmingly. The exact time was not so costly as it might have been. The young men lived comfortably and felt contented. They were all musical, and with two mandolins, one guitar and one banjo manipulated by them, formed a very respectable string quartette. Attired in fetching negligee dresses, they sat in their porch in the languorous June evenings thrumming popular melodies under the beatfully enthusiastic manner of amateurs, to the great enjoyment of the families in the vicinity. And, of course, on such occasions, all the attractive girls in the block, looking very wholesome in their fleecy white frocks, found occasion to pay many visits to the corner drug store and back, the route taking them, of course, directly past the porch wherein the players sat. When a group of them passed by it was the habit of the young men to gaze blankly up at the stars, though the gaze was often productive of discords from Dick's mandolin that brought wrinkles to Tom's alabaster forehead.

"Carrie," said the red-haired girl to her chum from Vassar one bright morning shortly after the last of the young men over the way had gone down-town, "I think that little dude who wears the black sash and the cute straw hat is simply lovely. I wish I knew him."

"Tot," rejoined the Vassar girl, with a reproving look on her classic features, "how can you say such things? But I don't really think that one is so handsome, and he is certainly not so distinguished-looking as the tall one with the lavender—ahem! the lavender—I mean the one who wears light clothes."

"That afternoon Tot, the red-haired girl, tennis racket, terrier pup and all, was drinking a glass of that concoction composed principally of sugar and wind, but which is known to the general pub-

lic as "soda," at the little store kept by the French lady two streets away, when who, of all people in the world, should walk in but Dick, his loins girdled with the inevitable black sash and his head adorned with the cute straw hat. She was so astonished that the racket fell to the floor with a clatter, and as she and Dick both stooped at once to pick it up their heads bumped together violently. Both apologized profusely, of course. Dick had a rather glibly told her he had been at dinner an hour or so later. When the four were seated on the porch in the twilight, he bowed with great politeness at the girl across the way.

"Who's your red-haired friend?" inquired Tom, surlily.

"A young lady I know," was the indifferent response, as Dick thrummed carelessly on his mandolin.

"Take care," mouthed the other three in unison, scenting treason. And then the regular evening concert proceeded.

The four friends had a box at the Auditorium for one of the Strauss concerts, and Tom found his gaze wander every now and then to the face of a statuesque beauty who sat in the parquet next to a girl with red hair. He was certain he had seen her somewhere, but could not quite decide where. She wore a fluffy white gown with wonderful puffed shoulders, and he was forced to confess that she was provokingly pretty. In the foyer, during the intermission, he strayed away and found a friend who introduced him. He was a little surprised to find that she was spending a vacation at the home of the girl with red hair who lived opposite to him.

Both young ladies were very inquisitive as to how he and his companions got along in their bachelor's hall, but he parried their questions with the adroitness of an old stager. It was with difficulty, however, that he dragged himself away and joined his friends in the long room near the cafe where more or less inviting liquors are dispensed. It may readily be surmised, however, that he made no revelations as to events occurring in the interim.

That night, just before the Vassar girl dropped off to sleep, she whispered to the red-haired girl: "You see, dear, I was the first to get an introduction to one of your dukes, after all."

"Nonsense, dear," crooned the red-haired girl, with a suggestion of triumph in her drowsy tones. "I have been an excellent terms with the little one with the sash for over a week."

Silence.

Somehow or other a sort of cloud hung over the house where the four young men dwelt. There were fewer evenings spent by the four together, and a tinge of restraint seemed to have fallen over the party. Harry and Jack, two of the handsomest and best-behaved boys in the world, who had hitherto been the life and soul of the quartette, spent a good many evenings out as the summer wore on, and when they did stay at home were less cheery and light-hearted than formerly. They sneaked incessantly and assisted very little in the conversation.

By the merest accident one afternoon "Tot," returning from a slashing tennis tourney at the park, saw Harry, all about whom Dick, of course, had told her, emerging from the house of one of her friends three blocks below her own home. She hid behind her terrace until the youth had passed from sight and then pounced in on the aforesaid friend, a pleasing miss with a pair of wicked, snapping blue eyes.

"How long have you known him?" was the fair caller's greeting.

Without detailing the conversation it may be stated that the black-eyed beauty confessed to a six-weeks' acquaintance with the departed one, from the time that the talk grew very confidential.

"But do you know, Tot," said the little hostess, as the red-haired girl rose to go, "that there's something queer about that boy. If ever a fellow loved me—the black eyes glistened—"he does, but he seems to have something on his mind. Tot, I am ashamed to say it, but he has sworn he loves me to death, and has never let fall so much as a hint about marriage. And more than that, his friend Jack, who lives with him, goes about with Tilly here, my next-door neighbor, and she says he acts in precisely the same way."

During this speech, the red-haired girl had been growing bigger and braver, while each particular red hair shone with added brilliancy. "Maud," she gasped, "another of those dukes—the one with the black sash—is in love with me, and his actions are precisely those you have described in the other two. There is a mystery here, and we'll unravel it. Come up with my house Saturday night and bring Tilly with you."

The black-eyed one agreed and they parted.

night a gloomy silence prevailed. Dick was sulky and said nothing. Harry and Jack seemed in low spirits, while a look of awful sternness overspread Tom's blonde features. It was a relief when the meal was concluded, but as they rose Tom said, gravely: "Gentlemen, will you kindly step into the parlor for a moment?"

Dick gave him a quick look, but the grimly set face afforded him no comfort. When all were seated Tom rose, advanced to a center of the room and announced: "Gentlemen, we are traitors in our midst—or at least one who stands in danger of becoming a traitor. Gentlemen, to-day I saw" pointing at Dick whose face had grown ghastly white—"to-day I saw—"

"You saw something very interesting, no doubt," interrupted a musical voice, and lo! in the doorway was a strange apparition. It was the red-haired girl in the very sweetest of complicated summer costumes, and as she moved forward there appeared in the rear three other girls, the statuesque beauty from Vassar, the black-eyed Maud, and Tilly, a diminutive blonde, with a dimple in either cheek.

"My Paw," went on the red-haired girl, without deigning to notice the dazed astonishment of the devoted four, "wants to buy this house, and he sent me over to find out who the owner is. ('Oh Tot, may Heaven forgive you') gasped the Vassar girl. I didn't quite like to come alone so brought some of my friends for company. What? Are you acquainted? Why, how funny! I do declare, there's my old friend Dick! Its too nice for anything. Say, who does own the house?"

"In about five minutes some one had proposed a dance, but the red-haired girl objected because there was no chaperon. An appealing glance from the Vassar girl sent Tom hurrying into the kitchen whence he presently returned with the antiquated colored lady who, he said, would take great pleasure in chaperoning the party.

So, while one couple supplied the music the other three danced, and the antiquated colored lady sat in a big arm-chair grinning like a Cheshire cat and beating time on the carpet with her big fat feet.

When four people enter into a compact and all get sick of it at once there is no special sin in smashing it. The leases of a South Side residence will soon be trying to sublet it.—Harold R. Wynne, in Chicago Journal.

JOHN ADAMS' PUPILS.

A Lively Description of His School and Certain Thoughtful Thereupon.

After taking the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Harvard, John Adams taught school at Worcester, Mass. In the following letter, written March 15, 1756, he gives a lively description of his school and certain thoughts thereupon. The letter is to Judge Richard Cranch, of Boston:

"I sometimes in my sprightly moments consider myself in my great chair at school as some dictator at the head of a Commonwealth. In this little State I can discover all the great virtues, all the surprising actions and revolutions of the great world in miniature.

"I have several renowned Generals but three feet high, and several deep-projecting politicians in petticoats. I have others catching and dissecting flies, accumulating remarkable pebbles, cockle shells, etc., with as ardent curiosity as any virtuoso in the Royal Society.

"Some rattle and thunder out A, B, C, etc., as with much fire and impetuosity as Alexander fought, and very often sit down and cry as heartily upon their outspelt as Cesar did when at Alexander's sepulcher he recollected that the Macedonian hero conquered the world before his age.

"At one table sits Mr. Isaspid, foppling and fluttering, spinning his whirling or playing with his fingers, as gaily and wittily as any Frenchified coxcomb brandishes his cane or rattles his snuff-box. At another sits the polemical divine, plodding and wrangling in his mind about 'Adam's fall in which we sinned all,' as his primer has it.

"In short, my little school, like the great world, is made up of kings, politicians, divines, L. D.'s, fops, buffoons, fiddlers, sycophants, foils, coxcombs, chimney-sweepers and every other character drawn in history or seen in the world. It is not then the highest pleasure to preside in this little world, to be known the proper applause upon virtuous and generous actions, to blame and punish every vicious and contracted trick, to tear out of the tender mind every thing that is mean and little, and fire the new-born soul with a noble ardor and emulation? The world affords no greater pleasure."—Youth's Companion.

THE TYPICAL TEXAN.

His Personal Characteristics Outlined by an Intelligent Observer.

Texas, settled as it is by emigrants from every part of the Union and Europe, presents such a variety of character among its people that it will be hard to say what is their most prominent trait. The personal characteristics which used to distinguish them are changing. In early times their lives as pioneers were so hard and fraught with danger that it made them grave and even severe, but now they have become decidedly a gay people, pleasure-loving and pleasure-seeking. Formerly a rigid plainness and severity marked their lives and surroundings. At this day, even in the counties remote from the centers of population, their tastes have become more luxurious. They crave for elegancies and refinements of life, which is but the natural effect of the superior facilities for education which distinguish the State. Yet with the simplicity has disappeared much of the hospitality of the olden time; the warm and unassuming welcome grows rarer each day, and the entertainment of guests is more a matter of calculation or distant social obligation than a spontaneous outpouring of hospitable hearts. Yet away off upon the frontier are still found, here and there, specimens of those strong, brave early settlers who lived literally with their lives in their hands, establishing themselves far beyond the outposts of civilization, not knowing at what time the red men might raid upon them and lay their homes in ashes. Sturdy houses those, stockades they might better be called, built of heavy upright logs, with thatched or sodded roofs, houses that are for as well as homes. And there is found a rare hospitality which asks no questions, but entertains the wayfarer, giving him all that he requires and without price."—Lee C. Harby, in Harper's Magazine.

—The most popular lady is the one who receives the most proposals, of course.—Rackety.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—In making solution for plants, first make a paste with the Paris green, then put it in water.

—Cut stale cake into slices and spread preserves between them lay in a deep glass dish and heap the dish full of whipped cream.

—Peach Marmalade.—Peel ripe peaches, remove the seeds, put the fruit in a kettle with a little water and boil until reduced to a pulp; run through a colander, add half a pound of fruit to half a pound of sugar, and boil carefully until stiff.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—In watering plants under glass, avoid extremes and give each part of the house just the amount of water that is required. Considerable good judgment is required in this, else some plants in the same house may suffer from dryness, while others are injured by overwatering.

—In purchasing pyrethrum powder for destroying insects care should be taken to procure a fresh and unadulterated article. It is best to buy of a trustworthy wholesale druggist doing a large business. The price will be somewhat higher, but the quality will be enough better to compensate for added cost.—N. Y. Examiner.

—Custard Caramel.—Place half a teaspoonful of sugar in a frying-pan, and stir continually until it melts and turns a light brown; then add three tablespoonfuls of water, and when this has become thoroughly mingled together pour in a pint of hot milk and remove from the fire. Add three well-beaten eggs and a pinch of salt and bake.—Country Gentleman.

—A popular preventive for the moth is oil of cedar, the odor of which, it is said, will drive the miller from the room. Clothes saturated with the oil should be kept in a closed room several hours, which should then be aired thoroughly. Gum camphor placed in trunks or boxes containing woollens will protect them effectively if they are closed with ordinary care.—N. Y. World.

—After removing your shoes put them in correct position by pulling up the uppers and tapping the flap over and fastening one or two buttons. Then place the instep down to the toe, bringing the fulness up instead of allowing it to sag down into the slovenly breadth of half-worn footgear. A boot that is kicked off and left to lie where it falls, or is thrown into the closet, will soon lose shape and gloss.—Boston Budget.

—Fried Shad Roe.—Take the roe of a large, fresh shad, put in a bowl and thoroughly break it up, separating any bits of skin. Season with salt and pepper to taste, break into it two eggs, and add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Mix all thoroughly. Have ready a well heated frying-pan, put into it one tablespoonful of pure lard, and when it is quite hot put in the fish roe, mashing it out well. Cover it to keep the particles of roe from flying out while frying. When nicely browned on one side, turn it and brown the other. Cooked in this way the roe gets thoroughly done, is richer and much nicer than fried in the ordinary way.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

It Has Its Compensation for the Afflicted.

News came that a baby had been born in the Nelson household, a dear little girl, with blue eyes, but alas! with a mishap from which would cause her to limp all her life. When grandma read the message, she went to her own room without a word, and the young aunts busied themselves with their work, looking suspiciously moist about the eyes. That night, however, Edith Lee came limping in with her two crutches, and was told all about it, because she was the dear family friend and knew all the home secrets.

"And you feel dreadfully about it, don't you?" asked she, patting one of grandma's withered hands.

"Yes, my dear, we do; how could we help it?"

"It will be so hard for her when she grows up!" said the aunts mournfully.

"Now, my dears, just listen to me," said cheerful Edith. "She will be sorry, and sometimes mortified when she remembers she's not like other people, but she will have a great many compensations."

"Look at me! I've stumped through life on helpless limbs, and the consequence is that I trust the world and love it. Other people get blue, and say they can't believe in people. I receive so much kindness every day I know that the world is full of warm, loving hearts. When I make a journey, I find the merest strangers willing to carry my bundles, check my baggage, help me into cars and give me the best places."

"I've heard some of you complain of the railway men who have no hesitation in running you down with a baggage-truck. Those same men push the truck up to me, and ask if I won't get on and ride to the car or carriage. Teamsters pull up their horses to let me cross the street. Waiters in hotels give me a seat near the door, so that I need not walk further than is absolutely necessary, and in the summer, when we are in the country, not a farmer passes me without begging me to ride."

"Now all this is because I am lame. The very sight of my misfortune appeals to every heart, and the consequence is that, as I have told you, I believe in the world and the warmth of its sympathies. That baby will have the same experience. The wind will be tempered to her in precisely the same way, and when she is thirty, as I am, she will say: 'Why, it's a beautiful world!'"

"Bless you, dear," said grandma, warmly. "I shouldn't wonder a mite if she did!"

And they were comforted, remembering the mercy of God in making merciful people.—Youth's Companion.

A Poodle That Smokes a Pipe.

The novel spectacle was presented in the corridor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel Saturday night of a Belgian poodle of large size walking about with a small pipe in his mouth and occasionally emitting a cloud of smoke from between his teeth. The dog was a handsome one of his breed, with silken, light brown hair covering its round barrelled body and its intelligent face, while his limbs were slender and hairless. The animal is the property of Mr. Max Somerville, of Philadelphia, a wealthy American, who spends most of his time in Paris, where he picked up his four footed companion some years ago. The poodle thinks as much of his after-dinner pipe as human smokers do of their pipes or cigars, and carries it around in his teeth long after the few whiffs of smoke he is permitted to indulge in have ended his refreshment.—N. Y. Press.

The Origin of "Turncoat."

It is said that the opprobrious epithet, turncoat, took its rise from one of the first Dukes of Savoy, whose dominions were open to the contending powers of both Spain and France. Being subjected to frequent incursions of the rival powers, he was obliged to temporize and favor the powers alternately, as they seemed to be able or not to injure him. In order to carry out this arrangement to perfection, he had a coat made that was blue on one side and white on the other, so that it could be worn indifferently, with either side out. When he was ostensibly on the side of Spain he wore the blue side out; when the French were to be propitiated, he displayed the white side. He therefore became widely known as Emmanuel, the Turncoat, and was thus distinguished from other princes of his house bearing the same name. Since the time of Emmanuel the epithet has been applied to those who turn their opinions to suit the occasion or their own personal interests.—St. Louis Republic.

No Time Should Be Lost

By those troubled with constipation in seeking relief from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The disease is easily relieved in its earlier stage, and it is utterly subversive of the general health postponement of the remedy is unwise. The same holds good of delay in cases of fever and ague, kidney complaints, nervousness, debility and rheumatism, ailments to which the Bitters is particularly adapted.

Turn peacock is blessed with beautiful plumage, and would be thought altogether lovely if he could keep his mouth shut and let the more musical birds do the talking.—N. O. Picayune.

MANY people hesitate (and properly) about sending money to firms of whose responsibility they are not assured. There need be no feeling of this kind in regard to Maher & Grosh, Toledo, Ohio, whose ad. appears in this paper. They are an old, first-class firm, and will scrupulously carry out every promise.

It was an Austria girl who married at fifteen, so that she could have her golden wedding when it would do her some good.—Texas Siftings.

THERE is no article made, that purity is as important in as soap. Thousands, however, buy cheap adulterated soaps, to save a few cents and lose dollars in rotted clothing. Hobbs' Electric Soap, perfectly pure, saves dollars.

A TENNIS suit is not very loud, but a racket nearly always goes with it.—Washington Star.

PAIN from indigestion, dyspepsia and too hearty eating is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

EVERY body else gets tired in this world before the man who makes you tired.—Athenian Globe.

BEAUTY marred by a bad complexion may be restored by Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

POVERTY is no disgrace to the industrious, but it is a deadly enemy of the indolent. —Puck.

S. K. CONNOR, Mgr., Clarie Scott, writes: "I find Hall's Catarrh Cure a valuable remedy." Druggists sell it, 75c.

THE thoughtful cook puts granulated sugar on the berries when she hasn't time to wash the sand off them.—Ashland Press.

REGARD a shoe has a horse squeak it is not necessarily a horse shoe.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

WASTES no words.—The photographer.

MEASURES his costumes.—The tailor.

A FAWNROKER, after all, is but a poor, lost man.

Full swing—Two in the hammock.—Boston Herald.

We all have very much put out when taken in.—Hotel World.

THE average boy will make a pair of pantaloons look antiquated in a day. There is nothing new under the sun.—Burlington Press.

HAMLET is thought to have belonged to the typographical union. He killed Polonius because he thought the latter was a "rat."

"I THINK I know now," said the man who had taken a twenty-cent piece for twenty-five, "what is meant by the expression 'contracted quarters.'"—Exchange.

A CASH entry—Dropping a nickel in the slot.—Washington Star.

MINISTER to horse-jockey: "What is your business, may I ask?" Horse-jockey: "I am in the service of the American Track Society."—Boston Herald.

"I'm on a strike and I need bread," said a carpenter to a baker. "That's odd," replied the baker. "When I'm on a strike I never knead bread!"

TO REMOVE freckles—Massage the girl and take her to your home.—Texas Siftings.

OVERHEARD at the grocery clerk's party: "Jawn good time, my dear." "What Mochty for you to ask?" "You know I did." "How, I'm so glad!"

HOW INCONSIDERATE some married men are! They are bitterly opposed to be tied down at home, but do not hesitate to gather in knots about the streets.—Troy Press.

Should be upright people.—Poies.

Don't read! Don't think! Don't believe! Now are you better?

You women who think that patent medicines are a humbug, and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the biggest humbug of the whole (because it's best known of all)—does your lack-of-faith cure come?

It's very easy to "don't" in this world. Suspicion always comes more easily than confidence. But doubt—little faith—never made a sick woman well—and the "Favorite Prescription" has cured thousands of delicate, weak women, which makes us think that our "Prescription" is better than your don't believe.

We're both honest. Let us come together. You try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If it doesn't do as represented, you get your money again.

Where proof's so easy, can you afford to doubt?

Little but active—are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Best Liver Pills made; gentle, yet thorough. They regulate and invigorate the liver, stomach and bowels.

Do not purge nor weaken the bowels, but act specially on the liver and bile. A perfect liver corrector. Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Hotel Haystack makes a swell name for a weightless inn.—N. O. Picayune.

No Optum in Pisto's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

Early to bed and early to rise—Savor the vegetables.—The Jester.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

DR. OWEN'S ELECTRIC BELT

DR. OWEN'S ELECTRIC BELT, PATENTED AUG. 16, 1887, IMPROVED JULY 20, 1889. DR. OWEN'S ELECTRIC BELT AND SUPPORTOR will cure all Rheumatic Complaints, Stiffness of Joints, General Debility, Nervousness, Trembling, Sexual Exhaustion, Wasting of the System, Catarrh of the Bladder, Stricture, Hemorrhoids, Piles, etc. Also an Electric Truss and Belt Combined. Send for circular and full particulars. Price, \$5.00. Dr. Owen's Electric Belt and Supportor, 690 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY.

FOR JAUNDICE,

BILE BEANS.

Try "BILE BEANS SMALL" (40 little beans in each bottle). Very small—easy to take. Price of either size, 25c. BUY OF YOUR DRUGGIST.

CAPILLINE

Greatest Chemical Discovery of the age. No more need to be bald or gray. Warranted to prevent or cure every case of baldness. A delicate perfume and unrivaled hair dressing. \$1 per bottle, free by mail or express on receipt of price, in bank draft or money order, payable to CAPILLINE MANUFACTURING CO., 205 North Broadway, ST. LOUIS, MO.

MOTHERS' FRIEND

IF USED BEFORE CONFINEMENT. BOOK TO "MOTHERS' FRIEND" PAPER, BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

For a Disordered Liver

Try BEECHAM'S PILLS. 25cts. a Box. OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

RUSSELL YEAR BOOK

Now ready. Describes their latest improved machinery, including the new Mill and Saw Mill Engines, Horse Powers, Stationary Engines, etc. etc. and includes the latest in machinery. RUSSELL & CO., MASSILLON, OHIO.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS

Successfully PROSECUTES CLAIMS. 379 in last war, 10 adjudging claims, 45% allowed. RUSSELL & CO., MASSILLON, OHIO.

Don't read! Don't think!

Don't believe! Now are you better?

You women who think that patent medicines are a humbug, and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the biggest humbug of the whole (because it's best known of all)—does your lack-of-faith cure come?

It's very easy to "don't" in this world. Suspicion always comes more easily than confidence. But doubt—little faith—never made a sick woman well—and the "Favorite Prescription" has cured thousands of delicate, weak women, which makes us think that our "Prescription" is better than your don't believe.

We're both honest. Let us come together. You try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If it doesn't do as represented, you get your money again.

Where proof's so easy, can you afford to doubt?

PISOS CURE FOR

The Best Cough Medicine

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

CONSUMPTION

SAMPLES AT WHOLESALE PRICE. 48c

MAHER & GROSH

TOLEDO, OHIO.